

The boy from the ancient tale

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The boy from the ancient tale

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Summary

“Are you lost?” Hannibal asked, still covered in blood from head to toe, the dagger still in his hands in case the deer-like creature dared to do anything.

Where Will Graham is a forest nymph, one night he encounters Hannibal during one of his hunts.

Notes

I apologize in advance for any mistakes, english isn't my first language:(Hope you enjoy my mess!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The meeting.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will Graham was a Nymphe, a pale creature with delicate iridescent crystal wings that helped him navigate the dense forest he inhabited with an admirable grace. He was a mystery for most, his curly hair hiding where strong antennas grew, similar to those of a fawn, he danced, sprinted and jumped through the ancient woodland, his silhouette was adorned with delicate flowers, leaves and the prettiest rocks he could find. Will's appearance mirrored his home, rebirthing as the seasons did.

In the village, bittersweet rumors spread about the forest protector, his graceful laughter was heard echoing among the towering trees. His charm and deity made him a beloved but feared figure between dogs that got lost, and the kids that came to rescue them in the depth of the forest, even helping them to come back with their parents safely. With grown humans, adult men especially, he wasn't as nice and lovable, most of them never successfully made their way out of the forest alive.

Will was, even with the seldom interactions with humans, still a mystical realm. But he very much liked the anonymity and safety this provided him, his curiosity for humankind faded after he saw the violence they ejerced on his trees and wolves, he has seen humans kill what they find pretty, plucking the barely bloomed flowers, killing mockingbirds and nightingales that sang beautifully just for their enjoyment. The nymph, long before he was gifted eternity, has been a victim of humans too.

As a consequence, he rather spent his days playing enchanting games of hide and seek with rabbits, deers and the same wolves he protected from the hunt that joined in the playful game. When they played, he effortlessly blended with the shadows of the foliage, challenging even the most elusive creatures to find him, but in the end, they always did. The nymph's innate connection and the trust he had put on his little friends, allowed them to find him every time.

In the dark of a moonless sky, in the heart of the enchanted forest there was an agile figure wrapped in shadows and sophistication. Hannibal Lecter, a human with the patience and strength of a timeless entity. His quietude hid a nocturnal predator, moving with deliberate grace, as he navigated the labyrinth of trees, hunting his prey, a man named Mason Verger, a wealthy, high class man, a person Hannibal would surround himself with if it weren't for his disgusting secret, a sadistic pedophile, no more than a repulsing pig who was soon going to be converted into Hannibal's entree.

Once the man was caught, he had no other chance for redemption or forgiveness, Hannibal ended his life right there, a knife sliding down his throat, bathing the hunter in crimson blood, the last seconds of his miserable life were not honorable nor brave as the man made himself seem, shuttering, haltering breaths, clenched fists and tortured sobs, trying to punch and defense himself with his last breath, Hannibal was more violent and rude than he anticipated

to be, but only because he allowed himself it, to torture the man and destroy every single part of him, as it was the only thing someone like him could ever deserve. Hannibal then disfigured his face with hatred and removed Mason's liver and thymus, already planning a succulent meal out of them.

Hannibal, always sly and intelligent, did not notice the ethereal creature that had approached him soon enough, as the young man, almost ghostly looking, seemed to be enjoying the little show he had put on.

“Are you lost?” Hannibal asked, still covered in blood from head to toe, the dagger still in his hands if the deer-like creature dared to do anything. But the boy didn't answer, he was fast and unpredictable, surrounding the hunter quickly to sit next to the man's corpse, touching it curiously. Hannibal then noticed the wings, the -recently discovered for him- nymph was attractive and hypnotizing like a magnet. He was screwed. No one was supposed to discover his gore assassinate, least of all an ancient creature with a reputation for murdering men who disturb him or his sacred forest.

The hunter did not lose his composure as the creature had given him a choice, an opportunity to escape even, and he would take it, making sure to be more careful next time. Running through the woods, losing his grace to be replaced with hurry, he was able to reach the entrance, and the nymph was too. Following the man with curiosity, Will left the forest, the road was a little dangerous for him, he had never gone out this way, but there was something enigmatic about this man, a charm that Will couldn't understand yet.

The nymph spent the next few hours staring at the man in confusion. He had seen humans cook their meat on a bonfire before, but never like this, on a metal box with a clock and a glass barrier. Maybe this species liked to see his food being cooked. The man wasn't paying much attention to the window anyways, chopping vegetables and other unknown stuff. Will decided to keep staring, not worrying when the human noticed at all.

“Are you coming fae?” Hannibal said, not looking up at Will, who frowned and shook his head, he was surprised that the human seemed to not care, and the man felt blessed by the divinity, who decided to grant him the gift of survival one more time.

Will ran back to the forest, to his safe place, with a plan on his mind. The next time the human dared to get close, he would be ready for him. He believed, as his connection with the forest seemed to whisper, that the hunter, Hannibal Lecter, would come back to him; he knew dumb men couldn't resist returning to the place that almost killed them.

The nymph was certainly intrigued for this man, as he never was before, curious even, to see if Hannibal would succumb to him and his forest. But Will wasn't an approacher, he waited, patiently, as the days passed. Some humans dared to enter the heart of his woodland during that period of time, but their lives were taken with a tint of almost boredom. Will worried that Hannibal had ruined the mystique of death as a warning, turning it into art, turning it into elegant gastronomy, and yet he couldn't bring himself to end the man's life.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a branch breaking near the entrance of his home, his head turned fast, hitting his sensitive antler with the arm of a tree, he rubbed it with his hand, huffing.

A man has entered the forest. In his head, even in the pale moonlight, Will could see an open wound, bleeding into the man's face, but he didn't seem to care as he runned desperately, the nymph was now sure that Hannibal had come back.

And just like that, Will witnessed another ripping, he would love to give a name to this feeling, but he couldn't find another word other than beautiful. Hannibal was beautiful, his actions were violent in a natural way, almost like he was just contributing with God's will. Hannibal didn't flinch this time, when the nymph got close to inspect the grotesque work of art that he had just made.

“I'm Will” The nymph said with a groggy voice, not used to talk much, surprising Hannibal with the gift of his identity, the man who had seemed to get used to the starting pretty and silent during his hunt appeared to never stop being amazed by Will.

“Hannibal Lecter.” He offered his hand, with a forgotten uncertainty that reminded him of his teenage years. Will waved the man's hand, placing a shiny red rock on it before disappearing into the darkness of the forest. Unknown to Hannibal, a deal has been closed.

Chapter End Notes

In many folk traditions, accepting a gift from the fae/nymph means an exchange. They often lean you something they like and take something they see as equally valuable from you! Will happens to really REALLY like pretty rocks...

Closed deal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The nymph and the moonlit nights were the only witnesses to Hannibal's repeated hunts, each time leaving a crimson trail in the heart of Will's enchanted forest.

Their paths, once parallel, crossed this night, when their roles shifted, Will couldn't bear to be just an observer anymore, he decided to intervene.

Silvery glow reflected in Will's skin, as he charmed a man, a lumberjack seemingly uninterested in the trees he felled, without caring about the wisdom hidden in their antiquity, Will despised the man's terrible intentions, if he could murder him with just a stare, the man would have been dead long ago.

But there wasn't any fun in just murdering, as he has recently learnt and this thought excited him. Hannibal has accidentally shown him a new side of the coin, there and then like a siren drawing a ship into uncharted waters, the nymph had hypnotized the prey that was soon to become a pawn in his new game.

“Hello?” Will, adopting a human shape, greeted the man, who almost jumped in surprise, the nymph often forgot how stealthy he was for humankind.

“Yeah?” The man answered, unsuspecting of Will's intention, while he continued with his labor.

"Excuse me sir, I didn't mean to startle you..."
He started, already looking at the man in his eyes, starting his spell.

“I live close by, you see, and the duty to bear some firewood it's so burdensome for a weak soul like me. I really need it sir... otherwise I wouldn't dare bother you” He continued in a soft voice, he knew men like him loved to help the ‘damsel in distress’ act, and Will knew how to play his cards. In less than a few minutes, the man agreed, taking a heavy trunk as Will guided it to the heart of the forest.

As the minutes passed and they kept walking, Will started to show his real form again, tired of the effort that took him to hide his not-so-anthropologic parts. The man noticed just then, but it was too late, anthers were impaled on his body with precision, the blood dripping on the Nymph's face, soaking his dark brown curls in a crimson mess.

The lifeless body was heavy to move, but Will wasn't a weak tortured soul as he looked like, he had the strength of a deity of the forest, and it showed when he carried the body down to the river, where his collection hid. Bones that he didn't allow hunters to take, and parts that remained untouched since their natural death, he honored every single part of them. The nymph smiled as he started arranging the anthers of deers and placed the body right on top of them, impaling the man's lifeless body once again.

Hannibal had admired the scene from the distance, the forest itself was the only one that could acknowledge their intertwined destinies on that night. A feeling that could only be described as pride took his heart, the curious creature has now elevated himself to God in Hannibal's eyes, he couldn't help but to smile.

“What a pity you're covered in blood boy” The hunter spoke for the first time in a teasing tone, he couldn't care less about the mess, but he received a murderous stare back, until the creature seemed to recognize him, softening his gaze.

“You like it?” Will asked, expecting some kind of reaction.

“Pretty good, for being your first piece, I must say. It could almost be compared and mistaken by mine. I find that utterly flattering” Hannibal described, as if Will was a copycat, as if he was rating a painting on an art gallery and not the assassination of a -probably- innocent man in hands of a timeless creature.

Will smiled, stepping forward towards his work of art, pulling off his liver with his bare hands, mimicking the first time he saw the hunter, and handed it to Hannibal with a soft smile.

Hannibal's eyes lingered at the gruesome masterpiece and then back at the boy. It was a pleasure to be the one that could explore this mythical creature.

The hunter felt intrigued and amused, blessed with an opportunity -beyond the morbid canvas- Hannibal spoke softly and collected, as he always did
"Such artistry deserves an honor that fits it. Allow me to invite you, Will.”

The nymph didn't answer as the man extended his hand, leading Will through the labyrinth of trees. The air was tense, but the nymph was trusting, knowing he could overpower or overrun the man if necessary, deeply inside wishing it wouldn't be.

Entering Hannibal's lair was different this time, Will didn't have to hide anymore, he was invited in. Will's eyes fell upon the unsettling display, adorning the walls were bones, meticulously arranged and mounted, like a homage to the offerings Will had presented.

The nymph's heart warmed at the realization that had fallen upon him, the hunter had not merely accepted the offerings; he had transformed them into an installation that adorned his home with them, he had successfully and unawarely charmed the man.

The kitchen was spacious and luxurious, an extension of the hunter's refined self, it had become a stage for a presentation before Will's curious eyes.

Hannibal, with the grace of a symphony, unveiled his knife, its sharpness reflected the kitchen's artificial lights.

“Dear boy, please go clean up”

Hannibal barely guided him upstairs, opening the shower and leaving a towel and clean clothes for the bloody boy.

The aroma wafted through the air as Hannibal seemingly effortlessly sizzled the vegetables and then the meat that Will had provided. As soon as he finished his shower, he came back, only wearing a shirt, as he found out everything else unnecessary as it swallowed him whole, his curls still damp.

Despite the nymph's aversion to meat, he found himself drawn to the smell and elegance of Hannibal's culinary art.

As the hunter prepared a feast for two, his eyes met Will's with a subtle challenge, teasingly.

“Indulge me, I beg, my dear...”

With each word, Hannibal got closer, a piece of the recently cooked liver that he picked straight up the pan on his fingers, offering it to Will to eat from them, forgetting his ingrained etiquette for a single moment. The nymph got closer and opened his mouth, the flavor was intense, like nothing he had ever tried before leaving Will entangled in a mix of desire and repulsion as he swallowed, the fingers didn't leave his lips instantly.

The nymph gulped, not being able to unlock eyes with the man, who simply smirked and moved back to the cooking. Will licked his lips, unconsciously chasing the flavor.

Hannibal found the boy a menace, Will was painfully unaware of his seduction as he looked at him with those enchanting watercolor eyes, the hunter had to put on an effort to stop staring at the boy and finishing the meal.

“Sautéed liver in balsamico with parsley potatoes” Hannibal presented his plate as he placed it in front of the nymph, serving his own plate too, filling his glass with a fine wine, Will just stared, not remembering how to use any of the cutlery in front of him, helplessly staring at the man who just smiled gently, and invited the nymph to sit on his lap.

“Don't know how to use them boy? Don't even worry, come here...”

Hannibal comforted the creature, now looking so weak and soft, with a beautiful glow, he almost couldn't believe the fact that he had just eviscerated a man. Will obeyed with his head down, sitting as comfortably as he could, feeling the warmth of the man as he caressed his hips tenderly. He watched as the hunter cut through the meat again, in small little bites, although it was not really necessary to him, he had strong canines, but he didn't dare to tell the man that, not knowing why.

“See, this is how you do it Will”

Hannibal encouraged Will to try by himself, handing him the knife and the fork, seeing his boy put on a tremendous effort and almost slaughter the meat again, warmed his heart.

“Cunning boy, you're really clever!”

He encouraged once again, petting his still wet curls as if he was talking to no more than a dog or an animal, but Will couldn't bother to mind at all as he was fed the pieces, he swallowed everything, trying to get across the weird feeling creating on his lower stomach.

“Oh poor thing, you must have been starving”

Hannibal told Will when he noticed the creature barely allowed himself to savor the flavors in his mouth.

“Slowly, mhm? Can you do that for me?”

The hunter asked Will, who closed his eyes, slowly taking his time into the next bite, surprised by Hannibal's fingers still on him, almost cupping his face.

Before he noticed, his plate was empty and Hannibal had started feeding him with his own.

“Greedy wicked thing, what am I going to do with you?”

The man said but it wasn't a complaint, not a tint of nagging on his tone, it was just playful almost like a coo. He continued to hand feed the nymph, knowing he was probably the first man to ever do so made him feel pleased.

“I'm full” Will said when it was not entirely true, he felt slightly guilty for eating the man's food, it wasn't something he indulged in in the forest at all, then, why was he allowing himself to be so dependent on the man he barely knew?

“One more bite?” Every thought left Will's worrying head with those words, if the man wanted him to indulge he was going to. He bit the piece and licked Hannibal's fingers clean, he received a proud smile in exchange, his body warmed.

“Good boy, see? you could take a bite for me”

Hannibal got closer, licking the nymph's lips, taking more than he should have, his hand on the nape of Will's head, playing with the mess of unruly curls he pulled from them, testing how much he could take, and Will was a giving creature, letting out a whine when he felt the man's yank, it wasn't strong enough to really burn, but it wasn't the reason for his whine, he was burning.

“Please?” Will just asked, looking down between his legs, feeling that his arouse wasn't only his, sharing the feeling with the man he chased it, managing to change his position on the man's lap, his legs open to fit between the man's broad waist, looking up at him again.

Hannibal smiled warmly when he saw the boy asking so nicely for his own desires, it would be too cruel of him not to let him have them, luckily, the man was particularly fond of cruelty, but his eyes couldn't lie, filled with desire as he looked at Will's cute little face, he caressed his upper body and waist before running his hands slowly down to Will's thighs.

Will whined at the touch, willing to beg for Hannibal to just touch him, he pulled away the big tshirt, completely bare again, he grabbed Hannibal's steady hand and guided it directly to his leaking cock with another whine.

And Hannibal was not strong enough to dare not fall for the sign of the nymph, moving his hand until he was fully erected, smiling softly once again, he shoved his fingers in Will's mouth, making him savor himself.

“Do you taste good Will? Do you want to keep going?” Hannibal asked and stopped the touches, being answered with pathetic needy whines from Will's side, he tisked in

disapproval of the nymphs rude manners.

“Words.”

And with that Will moaned, his eyes crystalizing with tears that threatened to fall down right in this moment if Hannibal didn't touch him again.

“Please, touch me Hannibal...”

Will moved his hips again, thrusting into nothing trying to get the feeling back, but Hannibal just sighed, allowing the nymph to feel his touch again, Will was almost feral, grabbing Hannibal's by the neck and crushing their lips together in need.

Hannibal allowed the creature to pull away and yank his shirt away from his body, smiling fondly once again, the nymph was endearingly desperate as he struggled to take off Hannibal pants.

“Patience, we got all the time in the world dear boy” Hannibal said but it was ignored, Will had achieved his goal, revealing the man's underwear, already dripping, but Will couldn't wait anymore, dropping to his knees to get as much as he could, engulfing Hannibal with a god-like abilities. The man grabbed the nymph's curls and pushed him away with disapproval, but the tears fell from Will's eyes, and Hannibal was, after all, only a man.

Will got up his position and sat again with dexterity on the man's lap, devouring his lips like he was his last meal, and maybe he was.

Hannibal's quick hands traveled to the nymph's body once again, his soft, pearly skin contrasted with the hardness of the man's strength, leaving pink marks as he explored his body, the skin was pale and delicately, fuzz on the trail from his navel down, object of devotion, almost human.

“So beautiful”

Hannibal praised genuinely, the words sliding off his lips with tenderness, receiving no more than a desperate whine in response, he decided to not play anymore, and moved his knowing hands to the nymph's arse, Will arched his back, almost falling onto the table, but Hannibal kept him from hurting himself, kissing him again as a way to distract him as he placed a finger inside of the nymph, working him up gently and steady until he could easily fit two digits.

“H-Hannibal!”

Will moaned breathlessly when the man introduced a third finger, his body sensitive, tightly closing on it, spasms on his body as the man continues to prepare him. When Hannibal decided it was enough, he pulled him away for a second and mercilessly inserted himself all the way in, leaving the nymph speechless.

“So good for me, you look ravingly like this...”

Hannibal continued to ram him, filling him up, Will couldn't stop the sounds coming out of his mouth, he has never felt anything like this, his curls bouncing as he did on the man's lap like a ragdoll, he was a powerless dainty thing and he loved every second of it.

From that day on, the nymph from that ancient tale had now a new companion, the doer, a partner that gladly killed whatever creature his mythical boy could ever ask for, and Hannibal accepted his becoming.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for my weirdly written smut hah!

End Notes

Note: “In many folk traditions, accepting a gift from the fae/nymph means an exchange. They often lean you something they like and take something they see as equally valuable from you! Will happens to really REALLY like pretty rocks...”

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